



Discover ▾

[Log in](#) | [Sign up](#)

A Small Mistake



👁 328 ✓ 32 ★ 23

Chapter 1 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)

I walked into the local library. I logged onto a computer, checking my social media. After a while, that got boring, so I searched around the library, looking for a murder mystery story. I had always loved them, for some strange reason. Little did I know I would soon be a part of one myself.

After I had checked out a book, I trudged home in the cold snow, clutching my book close to my chest. I pulled my house keys out of my pocket and unlocked the door. I did not notice the red stains on the welcome mat.

Chapter 2 by lightningstrikesannah (I'm back!)



I screamed as my favorite TV show came on. I had come home from the library, made myself some popcorn, and had settled down in my living room to watch the season finale of my favorite show, unsuspecting of what was going to happen to me next.

After the two-hour finale, I had put the bowl into the sink. I climbed up the stairs and practically collapsed into my bed. I did not realize there was someone else in the room, watching me from inside my closet.

Chapter 3 by Maria Agustina



See more of Story Wars

I fell asleep into a deep and dark (I was reading pages of my favorite character laughing, daisies and blood (I was reading pages of my favorite character and a shadow whispering the words of a villain (I was reading pages of my favorite character and a shadow

Login

or

Create new account

However, it wasn't the dream itself what woke me up. The sound of a heavy breath around me did. And when I opened my eyes in the middle of the darkness, even when I couldn't see anything, I knew that I wasn't alone.

The shadow was real, and it was right by my side, breathing.

Chapter 4 by Time Travelers



murder

My mind was a clockwork of gears turning and spinning endlessly. The room became a chess board, me and the man the game pieces. It was necessary my next move was astute. The intentions of the shadow, this obscurity laying beside me were precarious. The smell emitting from his shape was rustic, eye watering. Reaching down between the mattress and its icy frame, my fingers found the bleak steel handle. Gripping it firmly, I felt the silhouette's heated breath advancing. I pulled in a steady breath, I had put this off for too long. The events that proceeded were imminent.

Chapter 5 by Dan_K



I lay motionless on my bed.

In one quick motion, I took out the knife.

The blade pierced his skin quickly.

Blood dripped from his wound.

The man only smiles.

He disappears into the night.

Only a blood stain on the carpet is what is left of the ill-intentioned man.

The police don't believe me.

They think i'm pulling a prank on them, pretending some man that can just disappear left all the blood? Ha! Good one.

But I know it is real.

I know.

I know that that man was a Dillard.

See more of Story Wars

Chapter 6 by Brook Carlin

Login

or

Create new account



Dillard.

The last time I saw him was 12 years ago.

When he murdered my mom.

He almost escaped from my the crime scene before I quickly put the knife into his arm. The same one I just stabbed him with.

After that, I called the police. Dillard promised me he would get his revenge. He was sentenced a lifetime in a high security prison... But a lifetime in jail isn't enough to pay back for the death of the person who loved me the most.

Stabbing him again almost felt good...

Chapter 7 by -



But that wasn't the end of Dillard. At night I thought I could feel his breath on my face. It seemed like he was somehow haunting me.

I kept comforting myself with the thought that he was in a high security prison. Lock behind bars. Cut off from the world.

And yet, the feeling persisted. Something in me seemed to be warning me. Urging me to run far away from the familiar. To go where Dillard could never find me.

"But he is in jail, with hundreds of cameras and officers watching him!" I would repeat to myself.

Something was telling me to go... So I finally decided, after weeks of shoving the feeling back, to go.

But I had decided too late.

Chapter 8 by -



It was a chilly, blustery morning when I set out with a small suitcase and backpack. I hopped onto the bus headed for L.A. and paid my fare.

I found an open seat and had just settled in when I casually glanced out the window.

My eyes widened in horror, as I saw... I was walking right beside the bus!

See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account

I slumped down in my seat hoping that maybe he hadn't seen me get on. But I couldn't be to sure. I kept my head up just enough to keep an eye on him.

Thankfully there were a lot of people around. Perhaps he had seen me leave my house and followed me here, but then lost track of me in the crowd.

But wait, now where was he? I scooted up higher. My head was moving back and forth, trying to catch even a single glimpse of him.

But to no avail. I had lost sight of him completely! I took several deep breaths and carefully watched the entrance in front of me, hoping the bus would just leave.

Finally, the doors shut. I sank back and gave a sigh of relief. Okay, so I was on my way to a much more crowded place. I knew I would be safe there.

I closed my eyes and tried to relax. Tap... Tap... someone touched my shoulder.

"May I have a seat?" Standing beside me was Dillard, staring at me with a triumphantly wicked grin. "I think you made a small mistake!"

the end

Write a comment...

[About](#) | [Rooms](#) | [Feedback](#) |



See more of Story Wars

Login

or

Create new account